

One back fence they jointly shared;
Yards to east and west they paired;
 Vacant lots and suburbs quiet
 Called them oft to quell a riot,
Or discipline a rising laird.

They had foraged New Westminster
And despatched, by process sinister,
 Every cat that made a stand
 'Gainst a general reprimand—
Convalescent tom or spinster.

Theirs, the parting fight, remained;
To it—from it they were chained,
 For each felt distinct in caste
 And, on all occasions past,
Introduction had disdained.